The Commonweal

January 6, 1950

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The "Deviationist" Slogan

Lily Doblhoff

Will India Abandon Gandhi's Distributism?

Jerome D'Souza

Taft-Hartley and Life

John C. Cort

VOLUME LI 15c NUMBER 13

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Next Issue

MAN, THE HUNTED, by Grigore Gafencu, former Rumanian Foreign Minister and Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Mr. Gafencu points out some of the most terrible aspects of the person's struggle with the encroachments of the totalitarian state. Here is one:

"Man, hunted down on all sides, could still hope to escape the investigations of Communist justice by living hidden without rights or freedom, aloof from politics. But can he escape the constant threat of the all-invading Lie? . . . He cannot enlarge his knowledge or learn what is going on in the world without hearing daily at every hour the voice of his newspaper or his radio repeating that 'While in the capitalist countries the economic situation is deteriorating from day to day . . . in the countries of People's Democracy, on the contrary, we observe a powerful upsurge in all branches of national economy alongside of great progress in the cultural and material welfare of the population.'

"Man living behind the Iron Curtain, half crushed by the wretchedness of his life, knows well that none of this is true. He also knows, which increases his confusion and his sense of degradation, that *he is not even expected to believe it.*"

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Opening of the Holy Year

THE Pope's Christmas message was almost entirely devoted to the opening of the Holy Year. It was an appeal to individual men and women—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, atheists—to classes, rulers, states, to all mankind.

For Catholics Pius XII held forth the ideal of greater personal sanctity. For agnostics and atheists he urged a "deep and calm consideration of the reason of things . . . a return to the humility and docility befitting a creature." He expressed the wish that "this Holy Year could welcome the great return to the one true Church, awaited over the centuries, of so many who though believing in Jesus Christ are for various reasons separated from her." He spoke also of opening the symbolic holy door (at the beginning of the Holy Year) to bring to the Redeemer a fourth group, "those who sincerely but vainly [still] await His coming."

Pope Pius contrasted and rejected both "that narrowly individualistic order which today is in serious crisis almost everywhere" and the totalitarian state, which involves "the complete overthrow of the Divine order, contempt for the dignity of the human person, denial of the most sacred and fundamental freedoms, the domination of a single class over the others."

The ideal of peace which has been so constant a concern of Pius XII's pontificate is re-emphasized in this Christmas message. As obstacles to lasting peace among nations the Pope names isolationism, national selfishness and unfair distribution of this world's goods. He calls for the ending of that "punitive justice" which has prolonged the hatreds aroused by the last world war.

Finally the Holy Year should be "chiefly a year of repentance and expiation," in union with the expiation of Calvary. Pope Pius calls to mind the mournful procession of war orphans, widows and mothers and of "those who are being persecuted for justice and religion" and all those whose sufferings are themselves an expiation and call for further expiation from us all. "Who will want to separate himself from this world of expiation, which has for its head the Divine, crucified in person, and embraces the entire Church militant?"

Survivor

FOR the past 22 years the editors of *Time* magazine have chosen a Man of the Year for their mid-holiday issue. It is a gimmick that has paid off handsomely in reader-interest and widespread publicity for the magazine itself, and has further strengthened the popular position of the already over-publicized people singled out. Like so many of Luce's innovations, the Man of the Year proved to be one of those ideas that leave rival editors in desperate admiration, wondering why they didn't think of it first.

Now *Time* has announced proudly that for its first issue of the new year the editors have chosen a Man of the Half Century, an individual whose history "can sum up the dreadful, wonderful years 1900-1950." His picture will be on the cover of *Time* that reaches the newsstands about the same time this issue of THE COMMONWEAL appears. We salute the editors of *Time* for having the courage to make such a choice, while we congratulate ourselves on not being faced with any such near hopeless task. This we say after giving it a go ourselves; all in fun, of course.

Who, we recently asked ourselves, who would *you* choose as the Man of the Half Century, if you had to come up with a name that would even come close to summing up the "dreadful, wonderful years 1900-1950"? It started off as a playful form of solitaire to while away a monotonous train trip. By the time we finally arrived in Penn Station, we were walking around in a daze. "Gandhi—no. Shirley Temple—no. F.D.R.—no. G.I. Joe—no. The Dionne quints—no. Charles A. Lindbergh—no. Joe Stalin—no. . . . Some ordinary guy born in 1900. Grows up with the half century. Soldier in World War I. Makes a mint in the 20's. Goes broke and sells apples on the street in the 30's. From the breadline to a defense factory in the early 40's, then into the army again. By a happy chance, he is the one who shouted Bombs Away! at Hiroshima. Now he is fretting about World War III and the Welfare State some place in Kansas. No, no. . . ." But that was as close as we got to even a possible candidate.

Finally in order not to risk life and limb more recklessly than usual crossing 34th Street, we

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• NEXT WEEK •

"And now, my dear boy, make yourself as comfortable as, in this monstrous time of war, comfort either of body or of mind is—" he paused to grasp at the adjective floating for a moment out of his reach . . . pausing like a butterfly-hunter, net in air, to swoop upon the perfect adjective.

This is one of COMPTON MACKENZIE'S "Memories of Henry James," from a visit he paid James in October, 1914.

gave up the game. Now we are waiting, perhaps a little more breathlessly than most, for the next issue of *Time*.

The Man of the Half Century lasted for 50 years, if he exists, only because the history of his times never caught up with him. His very existence might have been due to a small defeat suffered by the pioneer eugenic and birth-control movements. He was not killed in the first World War, and so he triumphed over that history. He was not mowed down by gangsters in the roaring 20's. Then he did not starve to death during the depression. He was not liquidated or exterminated during the rise of the totalitarian régimes. He came out of World War II alive, despite the conspiracy of modern politics, science and philosophy to snuff him out. He was not among those atomized at Hiroshima or Nagasaki. So far he has not succumbed to the deadly efficiency of Marxism on the march.

This fellow is not the Man of the Half Century, a creature of his history, at all. He is a man still thumbing his nose at history, or he wouldn't be around for *Time's* cover. He is one who has survived despite, not because of the dreadful, wonderful years.

The first half of the 20th century and its history have been little more than a monstrous plot against him. The Man of the Half Century might better be called the Man *Against* the Half Century. And in a sense, he is every man who has triumphed willy-nilly over those inhuman years. There lies the real wonder, there is the real dread.

Coming Health Bill

WHILE the people waited for Mr. Truman to whip his State of the Union address into shape, one of his chief aides, Oscar Ewing, was in Europe studying medical insurance plans at first hand. For national health is to be one of the heftiest planks in Democratic platforms.

A *Times* dispatch from Switzerland indicates that Mr. Ewing, who is Federal Security Administrator has been getting some useful tips about how such plans actually work. For one thing, when the government or some subsidiary or impersonal board or bureaucracy pays the bills, a surprising amount of doctor-patient collusion on medical fees goes on. That should be a tip-off on the way things go when you have compulsory national health insurance.

In Switzerland itself he encountered a system whereby four-fifths of the people provide complete medical coverage for themselves through voluntary groups, some of them numbering not more than a dozen people (local cantons supply funds in the minority of cases, where the groups are not fully self-supporting).

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In England Mr. Ewing found certain difficulties which he does not believe would arise in the United States. We have no rationing and much fewer controls to contend with. And the Ewing plan does not contemplate taking over virtually all hospitals, as Britain has. Moreover, Mr. Ewing seems, on the whole, to have confirmed his original position. He declares that the "opinion of doctors in all countries has been unanimous, whatever their complaints against the details of medical insurance, that the public has been greatly benefited thereby."

Therefore, early in the New Year the American people will be presented with a national plan financed in large measure by a 3 percent tax on payrolls, plus increased income taxes for the self-employed, payments by charitable agencies for the unemployed and undetermined billions from the general funds of the federal government. Each doctor may join or not as he wishes. Those who participate may have a fee for each patient's visit, a certain sum for each person insured, or a straight salary—or any combination of these.

Of course, when Mr. Ewing returns, he may come out for an American variation of the Swiss voluntary group system. That would provide him with much less political ammunition. And there are no signs that his enthusiasm is waning. In all likelihood the nation's press will present the national medical insurance battle as a contest between a national compulsory system and the hidebound individualism of the American Medical Association. Whereas the real debate should actually be between voluntary group medicine (with government help in certain exigencies) and compulsory nationwide medical insurance, such as Mr. Ewing and Mr. Truman want.

Holding the Line

NEW YEARS is usually open season for seers and prophets of world affairs, and this being 1950, we would expect our advance thinkers to have a word or two about the half-century coming, if they want to lay claim to any real distinction at reading signs and portents. Offhand one would say that Arnold Toynbee is a man to be polled whenever half-centuries are up for examination and, sure enough, Mr. Toynbee has been heard from. For one thing, he feels that the cold war between Russia and the United States could go on for a long time, maybe a half-century, without becoming a hot war.

In Washington, there are undoubtedly not many Toynbees among the foreign policy planners, but there are those who have been looking ahead a few years anyway. They, too, have taken a certain view of the cold war and of how to wage it. Their strategy, at this point, is to draw a line where Communism has advanced and to hold the line there.

In Europe, the Communist advance has been stopped short of Western Germany, the Lowlands, France and Italy. In Greece, it took a war to hold the Middle East. And in the Far East, we have been driven out of China, we have virtually written off Formosa, and in Southeast Asia, although Indonesia appears to have been saved, the line is sagging badly in Indochina, Burma and Thailand, where governments are so unsteady that the situation is touch-and-go. The problem now facing our Far Eastern diplomats, as they meet in Bangkok, is to draw a line somewhere that can be held.

All this is called a policy of containment. It is interesting that we have found it necessary to "draw a line;" for the Soviet strategy in the cold war is precisely the opposite: never draw a line and never let one be drawn. As Lenin wrote: "We have to use any ruse, dodge, trick, cunning, unlawful methods, concealment, veiling of truth."

Geographically, we can and should draw a line now. But ideas and propaganda have ways of crossing a geographic line. It is much harder to draw an ideological line in people's minds. An example of this contest for man's mind is the current talk about Russian Bolshevism co-existing in the same world with capitalism. Of this, Lenin said: "As long as capitalism and socialism exist, we cannot live in peace; in the end one or the other will triumph—its funeral dirge will be sung over the Soviet Republic or over world capitalism." This has always been the primary, steady principle behind Soviet foreign policy. Yet Comrade Malenkov, on Stalin's birthday, tells us that it is Stalin's policy to live and let live, to let capitalism co-exist with Communism after all. Is the Westerner to take his choice, to believe either Lenin or Stalin? The idea is that he is to choose neither: for him the ideological line must not be drawn at all, his mind should stay flabby and confused. Here, in a man's mind, is his hold on truth, here is his will to resist, and this, above all, is what the Soviets are after in the cold war —to deceive and to drug this mind.

Who is to say that they have not had their successes? Mr. Toynbee thinks that Russia may, some century hence, beat the United States and that the Slavs and non-Slavs will then have it out for control of the planet. Perhaps. But as the Soviets close in now, in this year 1950, they must close in on and destroy the free mind, a worthy opponent, with all its resources and staying power, all its potential in grace—all its indestructible, eternal life. We would leave the far-off centuries alone, for the time being, content to call Mr. Malenkov a fraud right now, and to get on this year with drawing lines, geographic and spiritual, behind which we might protect our right to say yes or no, content, too, to trust in this Western perversity to the end.

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The "Deviationist" Slogan

The West accepts a fallacy in the charge of "National-Communism" made against Tito, Rajk, Kostov and Gomulka.

Lily Doblhoff

IT WOULD appear that the Western mind—and above all the Western press—tends to oversimplify some events linked to Soviet political planning by reducing them to one slogan, a slogan born of wishful thinking and the desire to bring certain Eastern developments within a single phrase. So are trials, persecutions and arrests labelled as part of "National Communism."

We have to dispel this illusion; experience has taught us that illusions are hard to dispel, especially those that allow one to sit back comfortably in one's secluded mental "réduit." I have known trustworthy men who, in turn, knew personally the former heroes of Communist history who recently have been condemned as traitors to the Cause. Everyone of them confirms the view that (contrary to the line we read in the Western press) it is the "traitors" themselves who have kept faithfully to the basic principles of Communist internationalism. The reason that they have fallen into disgrace is that their internationalism conflicted with the chauvinism of the Kremlin. It is therefore my present aim to try to set out their personalities and rôles in a more exact light.

The one basic thing to keep in mind is the nationalism of Moscow. The fact that the Cominform and the Politbureau have attacked Rajk, Kostov and Gomulka, among others, as "nationalists," should be translated in more exact words: nationalism is a prerogative of the one and only leading power of the world, the Soviet Union. Nationalism in any other country would mean "deviation" from the one and only righteous line, a line with but one starting point, one road and one aim: the Soviet Union.

It is incredible that the West should keep stubbornly to its own secluded mentality and go on judging the policy of the Kremlin according to the norms of Western policy. It is incredible that while the Russian, as well as the Bulgarian, Hungarian, Polish and Rumanian, press is full of attacks against the enemy No. 1: cosmopolitanism, the Western peoples are made to believe that the sin for which ardent Communists are condemned to death is nationalism.

Rajk, Kostov and Gomulka had to be condemned because they faithfully and passionately maintained the old line of internationalism, at present called, deprecatingly, "cosmopolitanism." They believed in the slogan of an all-embracing international Communism, and not in the dictatorial and omnipotent leadership of *one* country. That they were nationalists, but only to the extent that enthusiastic Communists are able to have national reactions, is true. Their nationalism compelled them to fight for the realization of Communist rule in their fatherland because they desired that this fatherland of theirs be a member of the great Communist community, a member, yes, but not the slave of another country that utilizes Communist ideology only as a Trojan Horse for the realization of Slav imperialism.

The three men who have recently been brought under the Kremlin spotlight are all fanatics, but it would appear that they did not wish to become the servants of an alien nationalistic power—they were the slaves of Communist ideology and had fought to install this ideology in their own countries, but not to the end of making the country a colony.

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ONLY SINCE the trials of these men has it begun to dawn on European minds what the elimination of Trotsky really meant: it was then that "deviation" really started, but it was the Kremlin that "deviated" from the original principles of Communism and it was then that the rulers of the Soviet Union entered upon the path of National Imperialism, a path on which the gallows of Rajk and Kostov, and whoever else may come after them, is but a mile post, but an unavoidable mile post that could have been predicted the day Trotsky was forced to go into exile.

What do we know of these men, who, after having enjoyed the absolute confidence of the all-powerful Party, after having been lauded as

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"heroes of Socialism," have now been labelled as the greatest traitors to the same Party?

László Rajk, because of his protruding cheekbones, used the pseudonym, the "Khirgize," by which he was known in the underground movement in Hungary when he fought for the Communist Party against the Nazis. He was a slender man who seemed to be consumed by a burning passion aflame in his eyes. A merciless fanatic who accepted but one rule and one rule only: Communism. It was for the sake of Communism that this man, who belonged to that class of small bourgeois who are usually attached to their surroundings and recoil from alien, far-off lands, tore himself from his family, from his country, and went to Spain to fight in the ranks of the international brigade. This man, after the Spanish Civil War, returned home, but only to fight again for the Communist ideal. He wished to integrate Hungary into the great International of Communism. He was firmly convinced that it was only from inside, from within the country itself, that this could be achieved and this belief was his "nationalism."

This conviction made him stay in the country and not take refuge in Moscow, the Mecca of Communists all over the world, where many outstanding members of the Party gathered while their countries were under Nazi rule. It was inevitable that the men who returned to their countries from Moscow and who, during the course of the long years they had passed in the Soviet capital, had learned to accept the omnipotence and the unquestioned leadership of the Kremlin, should become opposed to the men who had fought at home, risking their lives not for a régime symbolized by a single power, by a geographic place, but for the united rule of an ideology: World-Communism.

The *Szabad Nép* (Free People), official organ of the Hungarian Communist Party, published in August, 1947, a eulogy to "Rajk, Hero of Liberty." The same paper, in 1949, wrote of him as "traitor to the Cause and a vermin to be exterminated."

Rajk, the man who with unswerving cruelty organized the political police in Hungary, who built up the famous and dreaded Budapest "Ljublanka," the famous seat of the GPU in the Hungarian capital, who with diabolic cunning prepared and staged the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty—how could such a man have become the enthusiastic cat's-paw of Western Democracy and Capitalism?

No. The West should not let itself believe soothing fallacies and indulge in wishful thinking; if Rajk had been allowed to remain alive he would have gone on fighting for World-Communism with every means at his disposal and he would have wished to see Western Europe under Communist rule—though not under Russian domination.

★

ANOTHER of the "doomed" deviationists, the Bulgarian Traicho Kostov, was a man about 50, who, unlike the slim and daggerlike Rajk, was thick-set, broad and rather fattish. At the age of 20 he joined the illegal Communist movement in Bulgaria at its very birth and this fact was so well-known, that everybody considered Traicho Kostov and Bulgarian Communism to be one. While Rajk studied primarily the evolution of Communism in the West, Kostov became an expert on Communist theories in the economic field. It was the economic problem of Bulgaria that finally caused his downfall.

When war broke out, Kostov also did not want to leave his country; he repeatedly stated that he did not want to seek refuge in Moscow and wanted to go on fighting clandestinely in the country itself. At that time he became Secretary General of the illegal Communist Party in Bulgaria, was arrested in 1942. After the the first "questioning" to which he was submitted, he feared, seeing the methods used, that he would eventually be forced to give away the names of his comrades (Dimitrov and Kolarov), so he sprang out of the fourth floor window, choosing suicide instead of betrayal. He miraculously remained alive, though for five years he was in prison, during which time he organized Communist cells among the prisoners.

But even Kostov fell into disgrace in 1947 when he sent economic reports to the Soviet emphasizing the specific economic necessities of Bulgaria. He was convinced that Communism could only develop and become a working reality in his country if the people could be convinced that their fatherland would be appreciated and supported in the ranks of World Communism. On the other hand, Kolarov, the Bulgarian Foreign Minister, an ardent "Muscovite," publicly stated that "every manifestation of anti-Sovietism is the most heinous form of nationalist deviation," and Kostov had been "underestimating the decisive rôle of the Soviet Union." At the very moment that Soviet rulers decided to demand full subjection from the People's Democracies, a man like Kostov was doomed.

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THE POLISH Gomulka, a bespectacled, small man of 46, looks like an intellectual and used to be Secretary General of the Chemical Trade Union. But he is actually of peasant origin and he never overlooks an opportunity to stress this fact. Gomulka, too, remained in his country during the German occupation and never

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became a Soviet citizen, as, for instance, did the present President of the Polish Republic, M. Beirut. This man, who was known all over the country as "Wieslaw" when he fought illegally in the underground, was attacked in September, 1948, for "nationalist deviation," but nevertheless it is only now that he has been expelled from the Central Committee of the Party. His trial, too, is planned on the basis of "anti-Sovietism" and *Nowy Drogy,* the Polish Communist paper, writes of him that "he has tried to undermine the confidence of the masses in the Soviet Union." This sentence proves how right is our view that the crime for which the "deviationists" have to die, is solely their attitude toward the Kremlin. When Serge Karsky, a highly progressive French journalist who attended the Rajk trial in Budapest, asked a former Hungarian Communist, who had been a Party member for long years, "What is a 'reactionary' in Hungary?" he answered: "It is a man who does not like the Russians."

Rajk wanted to keep alive the link with the Western Communist mentality; Kostov wanted to bring to success his economic conceptions of Bulgarian Communism; Gomulka, the man proud to be a peasant, put the emphasis on the agrarian problem in Poland and, since the peasantry comprises two-thirds of the population, it is the peasants he wanted to win over to Communism. He knew well that these masses—even though supporting the régime—were anti-collectivist.

Why has the Kremlin made use of these men for so long a time, men who had never denied their tendencies and who were never "Muscovites"? The fact that they were made use of shows the political dexterity and skill of the Politbureau: the members of this omnipotent organization were fully aware that they needed these men who had shared the hardship of Nazi terror and who were popular in many quarters because of this resistance. These men all had some typical kind of attraction—some "legendary" deed, such as Kostov's jump from the window, or the home-coming of Rajk, who as soon as he could manage it, traveled all the way back to Hungary in a canoe on the Danube and unexpectedly appeared at an underground meeting of the anti-Nazi resistance. Thus these men played a rôle that left a false impression.

In his speech of May 20th, 1945, Mathias Rákosi, Moscow's "Gauleiter," wanting to convince the masses that their national sentiments would be respected, said: "Hungary has to become truly Hungarian, she has to be governed by a truly Hungarian Government; we have to build up a Hungarian fatherland for the Hungarian people." At that very moment the fate of Rajk was decided, as the people were shouting rhythmically: "Rajk, Rajk, we want Rajk." There could no longer be any doubt that the man who was not a Moscovite, and who enjoyed such popularity, had to be eliminated.

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"MOSCOW-minded" or "cosmopolitan-minded": that is the question; not a "rebellion" of these men based on their newly-discovered patriotism. As a leading British correspondent wrote the independent weekly, *The Economist,* after the Rajk trial, "by grouping these as 'National-Communists' and broadcasting in this sense to the satellite countries, Western commentators helped to create an atmosphere most useful for the prosecution." This is profoundly true, because by this simplification of "National-Communism" it is the West that has helped Moscow to conceal the truth and to have these small countries believe that the problem is something different from the real issue: the unquestioned and almighty leadership of the Kremlin. Rajk, Kostov and Gomulka all held the view that the cause of international world-revolution was being sacrificed to Russian imperialistic aims; they felt that the nationalism against which they had fought when they were in the Communist International, now was considered to be wrong in Poland, Hungary or Bulgaria, but was, at the same time, right for Soviet Russia.

The Kremlin, with its usual "raffinement," by staging these show-trials in non-Russian small countries, has mixed slogans with strategic aims. Rajk, Kostov and Gomulka are but puppets—or should we say symbols?—of the great purpose alive in the minds of Soviet rulers since the case of Trotsky. The masters of the Kremlin do not even bother to invent some new charges to eliminate the men who have become useless for their purposes: they have them repeat the same chain of self-accusations everywhere. Accusations and trials, in whatever country they are staged, are completely similar to pre-war Soviet purges; these Hungarian, Bulgarian, or Polish men confess exactly as did Yagoda or the old Bolsheviks in 1936-38. The Politbureau seems to disdain Western reactions to such an extent that it does not even trouble to use new tricks. It keeps to a monotonous pattern, with the same "sins," the same "confessions," repeated like a litany—the *one* sin being that none of these men was a "Muscovite." They were not Soviet citizens, they were—and wanted to remain—International Communists in Hungary, Bulgaria, Poland or Czechoslovakia.

But the Cominform, the agent of Russian foreign policy, in order to realize the sole aim of Russian imperialism, no longer needs Bulgarian, Hungarian, Polish or Rumanian fanatical Communists who believe in the World-International. It wants only colonies, where the "Gauleiters" are Soviet marshals.

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Will India Abandon Gandhi's Distributism?

India tries a compromise between "cottage industry" and the factory.

Jerome D'Souza

MAHATMA GANDHI is universally respected in India as "The Father of the Nation." He gave to India the powerful weapon of passive resistance, by virtue of which she secured her freedom. He has contributed to the spirit of New India some of her most constructive ideas.

Obviously, the most characteristic of these ideas, or doctrines, was the doctrine of "Ahimsa" or non-violence. Mahatma Gandhi was a wholehearted and uncompromising believer in this doctrine and if he had had his way he would have applied the method of passive resistance even to external enemies and aggressors. But on this point even his closest followers did not agree with him, and on practical grounds they decided that India needed an Army for national defense and that India might be compelled to take part in a war of self-defense. This rejection of the pure Gandhian creed led, many years ago, to Mahatma Gandhi's formal resignation from the Congress Party, though he continued to guide it from the outside till the very end of his life. Thus, on the question of non-violence India decided to follow a compromise rather than the absolute Gandhian doctrine.

Another almost equally characteristic feature of Gandhi-ism was the Mahatma's dislike of the machine, and his horror of the concentration of a vast labor population in the cities as a result of heavy industry. There were several reasons for his attitude. In the first place, Mahatma Gandhi had imbibed from Tolstoy and Ruskin a deep dislike of machine-made goods. Gandhi was a lover of men and looked upon man's labor as creative activity. He had no sympathy for standardized production, in which the worker is merely a mechanical agent without grasp or control over the process of production. Further, Mahatma Gandhi saw, like all other critics of the capitalist system, that the small owner tends to disappear and that capital and the means of production tend to concentrate in the hands of the few. This in its turn would, under the stimulus of ever-widening competition, lead to overproduction and consequently unemployment. Thus, Gandhi foresaw, even before the great modern industrial crisis, that man would become the slave of the machine rather than its master.

Lastly, Gandhi realized the immense physical and moral harm done to an agricultural population when it abandons the land and moves into the over-crowded cities, living in the hardest physical conditions. Gandhi's approach to life was fundamentally moral and religious and like most Catholic sociologists he saw the immense moral harm resulting from crowded urban life. He was equally alive to the harmful physical effect of it on the generally under-nourished and sensitive Indian physique.

The vast majority of India's population lives in 700,000 villages. Gandhi envisaged the India of the future as a land of village communities and toward this end he launched his great "Village Industries Organization." His system was based on the promotion of Cottage Industries—spinning and weaving, simple wood, metal, and leather work, the traditional decorative arts—along with the main occupation of producing food.

India depended, and still depends, on foreign countries for extensive imports of food grains. When there is a failure of rain in any part of the country, or difficulties of transport for whatever reason, parts of India suffer from famine. In the very middle of the last war, Bengal suffered a famine of appalling severity which carried off millions. Mahatma Gandhi wanted to make India self-sufficient in food and, as far as possible, every village a self-sufficient unit. Opposition to the machine and attention instead to the raising of food implies that there is no room in Mahatma Gandhi's economic system for heavy, or large-scale, industry.

To what extent will New India remain faithful to this idea? Will the far-sighted and ambitious masters of New India be content with

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this primitive economy or will they launch India on a scheme of large-scale production which will improve her standards of life and bring her into line with the great industrial countries?

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THE answer to this is again in terms of a compromise. The masters of New India have pledged loyalty to the ideals of Mahatma Gandhi and to a very considerable extent they are trying to carry out some of his economic and social teachings. Large sums are being voted by the Provincial Governments for the encouragement of handicrafts and Cottage Industries. Village communities are being organized and encouraged in every way to remain faithful to their traditional occupations. As an incentive, they are being given, through the machinery of village "panchayats," a considerable degree of self-government. Attempts are being made to render village life more attractive by better roads, good water supply, schools and hospitals and means for decent recreation. Moreover, a powerful drive is under way to increase food production so that India might become self-sufficient in food by 1951-1952. Thus, New India wishes to remain broadly faithful to Mahatma Gandhi's ideal of a land of village communities mainly occupied in agriculture, with, however, an adaptation of modern methods and amenities.

At the same time, India realizes that her poverty, her low standard of life, is due to her unfavorable trade balance; to the large sums she pays for foreign food and foreign manufactured goods. As described, she has a scheme for becoming self-sufficient in food. She hopes to diminish the buying of foreign goods to some extent by increasing the yield of Cottage Industry. But this will touch only the fringe of the problem. Most of the imported goods are essential for modern life and Cottage Industries will not produce them. Every argument from necessity and good sense must therefore move India to a larger degree of industrialization and this is what she has resolutely set her hand to achieve.

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IN the first place, the textile industry of India is already largely developed and not only supplies most of India's needs but exports cloth to Burma, Malaya, Egypt and the Near East. The great cotton mills of Cawnpore, Bombay, Ahmedabad, Sholapur, Coimbatore and Madras employ thousands of workers and utilize the most up-to-date European and American machinery. This is an industry that can expand still further and India will welcome foreign technical and financial assistance in developing it.

Iron and steel production have also been rapidly pushed forward in recent years. The Tata Iron & Steel works in Jamshedpur, in a part of India where iron and coal are found abundantly, is among the greatest steel producing centers in the world. Other great industries are the vast cement works, mainly in South India, the manufacture of drugs and chemicals in Calcutta and its suburbs, the growing paper industries, and those of soap, sugar, power, alcohol, leather goods and all forms of household material. It is unnecessary to go into further details. Indian enterprise has profited from the increased wealth which the war brought to India. It has been stimulated also by the patriotic desire to open manufacturing and industrial concerns which would diminish the one-sided import of goods.

Obviously, these great enterprises cannot be carried out by Indian capital alone, much less by Indian technical skill. Hence, India is appealing to foreign investors to undertake business in India. Actually, a good deal of Indian industry is run by foreign capital. Prominent among the industries in which there are foreign investments are automobiles, bicycles, chemicals and dyes, coal-mining, raw films, leather manufacture, nonferrous metals, machine tools, paints and furnishings, sports goods and textile machinery.

All that India asks from foreign investors is that Indians have as big a part as possible in running and controlling the concern, that instead of making the industrial concern one of assembling imported parts, as many component parts as possible should be manufactured in India and Indian workers should be given the necessary technical training.

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A SOURCE of hesitation to investors, both Indian and foreign, has been the fear that Indian political evolution might move towards Socialism and endanger the capital of investors. Undoubtedly, the language of some extreme politicians justified this fear, but uncertainty on this score has been removed by the long and exhaustive discussions in the Constituent Assembly preceding the passing of the clause pertaining to compensation for property taken over by the Government. In reality, this question became acute, not in connection with industrial investments, but with the acquisition of Zamindaris—vast landed estates—by the Government to be broken up into small holdings and redistributed to the peasants. It is now a Constitutional guarantee that government will not acquire private property, be it agricultural or industrial, without the paying of just compensation.

It would seem that this important decision has had an immediate effect on foreign investors. In recent months, India has received a large influx

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of foreign capital from almost every country—England and America, France, Belgium, Sweden, Italy and Switzerland. The Finance Minister for India, Dr. John Matthai, recently said in the Indian Parliament: "It is our main endeavor to create conditions which will be attractive to foreign and private investors."

Continual pressure is being brought upon Indian universities to give more attention to industrial research. On every side, signs are multiplying that India wishes to profit by the discoveries of science and exploit her natural resources for increasing her wealth and raising her standard of life. On the other hand, she wishes, as we said, to remain faithful to the social-economic ideal of Mahatma Gandhi and avoid the excesses of capitalism and the evils of an urban proletarianism. Will she succeed in effecting this delicate equilibrium? Time alone will show. Whatever the outcome, her efforts deserve to be followed with interest, and assisted by the sympathy of the democratic nations of the world.

The Labor Movement

Taft-Hartley and the Facts of Life

MORE than two years after its passage some of the oversights that went into the making of the Taft-Hartley Act are beginning to pop up on the front pages of the daily press.

Recently a group of building contractors' organizations, representing 80 percent of the construction done in this country, joined with the AFL's Building and Construction Trades Department to petition Washington for relief from some of the blunders of Taft-Hartley. The employers warned that "chaos, confusion and uncertainty" would follow if the petition were not granted.

It is an open secret that the building industry has ignored T-H both as to the elections required for union shops and the elections required for recognition of a bargaining agent.

The old Wagner Act, which was drawn up by men who had made a more thorough study of the facts of industrial life in America, exempted the building industry entirely. They saw that workers in this industry, by the nature of their work, jump quickly from employer to employer, even from city to city, and that it is difficult to find a group at any one time where balloting would really mean something.

They also saw that contractors have to make estimates of their labor costs even before they start a job, so that they can submit a bid. Most of them therefore prefer to make agreements with the union beforehand, which is of course illegal under Taft-Hartley.

Even the Natinal Labor Relations Board has thrown in the towel in its efforts to enforce the Act. It held one election in the Pittsburgh area, at much trouble and expense, and then gave up.

The same problems exist in the maritime industry in a slightly less acute form. Longshore work revolves around the coming and going of ships, and men will often be hired by several different employers in one week. Seamen make a trip, stay on the beach for a few weeks, then ship out again with another company. The better unions in both AFL and CIO have solved this problem with rotary hiring halls, where every man gets a fair share of the available work. The not-so-good unions, such as the International Longshoremen's Association, AFL, have no hiring halls and, just as the building contractors warned, "chaos, confusion and uncertainty" are the result, not to mention injustice, racketeering and frequent outbreaks of homicide.

But the hiring halls are illegal under Taft-Hartley, and have repeatedly been declared so by NLRB examiners and the NLRB itself. The only thing that is holding the industry together right now is the practice of signing agreements to recognize the halls pending an appeal to the Supreme Court. They are operating on strictly borrowed time.

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ON January 3rd Congress reconvened for the second half of its present term. There is little chance in this session of junking Taft-Hartley as a whole and writing a more sensible law. But there is some chance of passing spot amendments that would meet these critical situations in both the building and maritime industries.

Not only should hiring halls be legalized in these industries, but they should be made compulsory. It should also be required by law that they include the rotary feature. Because the unpleasant fact is that in many of the building trades a man does not work very often if he has the reputation of speaking out of turn at union meetings. "Out of turn" in the officials' book, that is.

But, someone may object, suppose the union officials give the man a Moscow trial, throw him out of the union entirely and tear up his card; then he can't work at all. Yes, that has happened too.

Taft-Hartley has an answer for that one, which in the writer's opinion is better than no answer at all, but is still not the correct answer. The Act says that a man cannot be thrown off his job by union action for anything less than refusal to pay dues.

But the union still has the power to deprive the man of his rights as a member. It still has the power to make it difficult, if not impossible, for him to find work once he is unemployed. This is particularly true in these two industries, building and maritime transport. It is true, even under Taft-Hartley, wherever an industry is highly unionized.

What is the solution? The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU) came up with it last year when it proposed a change in both state and national labor

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laws which would give labor boards the power to review cases of union discipline if these involved loss of employment, loss of membership or other major penalty—review them quickly, uniformly, and without expense to the plaintiff, unlike the procedure in our courts of law.

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THE power over a man's job is the power over his life. The totalitarians figured that out long ago. But the democrats haven't properly understood it yet, and so it happens that in one of the freest countries in the world you run into these pockets of tyranny, dictatorship, ruthless and violent absolutism, where men, American men, live and work in a state of fear that can only be compared to life under Communism or Fascism.

The paradox is that even decent labor leaders who support every bill designed to protect civil liberties will oppose any attempt to protect the rights of union members, calling it "an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of private associations." And of course such efforts have no special appeal for the average employer.

It was therefore not surprising that the ACTU's proposal received but a cool welcome in the halls of Congress. One man on the labor committees of the House and Senate, all of whose members received copies, pledged his support. He was Andrew Jacobs, a progressive Democrat from Indiana, a new Congressman who has had experience as a labor attorney and is already acknowledged as one of the few men in the House who know enough about the Taft-Hartley Act to stand on the same platform with Taft himself and trade him blow for blow. That is the kind of support the ACTU was looking for. And Jacobs might accomplish something yet.

For sooner or later something must be accomplished. Taft-Hartley will go eventually. But what will follow it? The Lord only knows what will follow it, but what should follow it is a law that protects the public, the employer, the union *and* the worker.

For unions can no longer be considered private associations in the same sense that the Elks or the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick are private associations. Any organization that controls a man's job, his bread and butter and hope of salvation, is at least semi-public and must resign itself to being at least semi-regulated by society.

To say this is not to re-echo the plaints of certain industrialists about labor union dictation nor to call for such restrictions as compulsory publication of unions' financial statements. For this sort of disclosure would unfairly weaken the union negotiator's position at many a bargaining table. The point is that union actions have vital social consequences.

Let's not make the same mistake that the rugged employers made when they cried out, "We are a law unto ourselves—hands off." The American people didn't go for that and they won't go for it either when it is repeated by rugged labor leaders. Let's yield gracefully, brothers, to necessity and the common good.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Screen

It's Later Than You Think

SO IT HAS come to *that* time again—when your critic along with many others will name the films that he considered outstanding during the past year. I shall not monkey around with the word "ten" or the word "best," but shall plunge right in and list those movies, not necessarily in order of preference, that I liked better than most during 1949. Such a list serves a double purpose: it reminds you what was prominent during one year of cinema and it tells you where your critic stands so that if you continue to read him you know a little about his yardstick.

It is interesting that several of my films from last year's list continued in popularity throughout this year, and some are still being shown: *Monsieur Vincent, Joan of Arc, Hamlet* and *The Red Shoes*. They must have indeed had something that helped them survive the usual short life of a movie. I wonder how many of the following films will still be on our screens in 1951.

Foremost among the 1949 crop were the films dealing with prejudice and Negro relations in the United States. The group should be considered as a whole; no one was perfect by itself, but these four pictures indicate the greatest sign of growing up that the motion picture industry has shown in many a year.

Home of the Brave used psychoanalysis to reveal the prejudice problems behind a Negro soldier's collapse after battle. Stanley Kramer's production and Mark Robson's direction were excellent.

Lost Boundaries, in Louis de Rochemont's fine production, handled the problems of Negroes who pass as white.

Pinky, greatly aided by the direction of Elia Kazan and the performances of Jeanne Crain and Ethel Waters and Ethel Barrymore, showed how a Negro nurse changed her mind about passing as a white, and stayed instead in the South to work for her own race.

Intruder in the Dust, with Faulkner's story as a basis, some beautiful photography and Producer-director Clarence Brown's skillful handling of a good cast, said that in spite of the shame and horror of the racial problem, it could be solved by those who understood it and did not run away.

Actually my one-sentence comments make the same mistakes that these films made—those of oversimplification. Nevertheless, these movies taken as a whole represent advance in our cinema thinking and deserve applause.

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ALSO meriting a big hand from the discriminating movie-goer in 1949 were:

The Heiress—for Producer-director William Wyler's intelligent handling of Henry James' complicated story about love and happiness, and for the excellent performances of Olivia de Havilland and Ralph Richardson.

All the King's Men, which in spite of an unsavory moral tone, used cinematic technique advantageously to expose the dangers of a demagogue. Starting with Robert Penn Warren's novel, Producer - director - writer Robert Rossen employed a good cast and realistic photography to show that it can happen here.

Letter to Three Wives—for its unusual, amusing and well-acted story, about three women, each of whom had reason to worry that her husband might have been the one who was eloping with the town siren.

And then there were those four outstanding films in which children played leading rôles:

The Fallen Idol, which was brilliantly directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's story, and had several fine performances, especially those of Bobby Henrey as the youngster and Ralph Richardson as the butler he adored.

The Quiet One, for its disturbingly realistic portrait of New York's Harlem, for the well-directed performance of little Donald Thompson and for the first-rate script and commentary about a juvenile delinquent who was started on the road to recovery at the Wiltwyck School for Boys.

The Bicycle Thief, for Vittorio De Sica's exceedingly fine production and direction of an Italian film that was packed with compassion for the little man caught in the mesh of modern civilization. It also displayed one of the most moving father-son relationships ever seen in a movie, with Enzo Staiola as the child.

The Window, for Director Ted Tetzlaff's excellent use of cinema in telling a realistic thriller about a boy who learned through a horrible experience not to cry wolf. Bobby Driscoll was thoroughly appealing and frightening as the boy.

This list of better films for 1949 could go on and on, because actually it was a good year. It could include several war movies like *Battleground* and *Command Decision* and the heart-warming biographical movie, *The Stratton Story,* and a couple of popular musicals like *The Barkleys of Broadway, Jolson Sings Again* and *On the Town.* But it has to stop somewhere. Make your own additions if you like, but don't grumble that there are no good movies. You can find them if you look for them. And let's hope that 1950 does as well—or even better.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Catholics and Jews

THE editor of *The Sower* (Lower Gornal, Dudley, England), a quarterly of Catholic education, wrote in a recent issue about the problem of creating in Catholics (especially children) a truly Catholic attitude towards Jews. Here are excerpts from his remarks:

> Now that Israel is a nation once again, and indeed you might say a sort of world power, it is certain that sooner or later Christians will be asked to exercise greater care to avoid offending Jewish susceptibilities, and especially to eliminate from our textbooks and formularies such expressions as may seem to blame the whole Jewish people for the crucifixion of Our Lord. . . . Such at any rate is the view put strongly forward in a recent issue of *Lumen Vitae,* by Fr. Paul Demann, of the Order of Notre Dame de Sion, who devoted himself to the persecuted Jews during the war and now continues his work of reconciliation and apostleship. As he says, you cannot teach the Christian Faith without bringing in the Jews somehow, but we ought to speak of them in a *truly* Christian manner, otherwise many Christians, carrying away indelible impressions from their childhood instruction, may think of all Jews as treacherous God-murderers, enemies of His Church, and living under His curse. It is up to us (says Fr. Demann) to correct our catechisms, text-books and devotional works so as to eliminate any impressions of this kind, and to regulate our own mental attitude and feelings, the tone of our voice even, so that we give no encouragement to the anti-Semitic spirit which is condemned by the Church and is so alien to the spirit of the Son of David himself. . . . We should avoid the dangerous generalization that "the Jews" crucified Jesus. We say: the Jews, and the child often thinks: *all* Jews—the playmate of today and the rival of tomorrow are tarred with the same brush . . . Those really responsible for the death of Jesus were a mere handful of unworthy leaders, creatures of the pagan occupying-power, and detested by the people. And even of those, Peter and Paul and Christ Himself say that they knew not what they did! What right then have we to give the child an impression of a deicide nation, deicide through the ages and in every member?" . . .
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> The Jews will find pardon, as the ex-Pagan Christians have found pardon; not only so, but the reintegration of Israel will result in undreamed of joys for the Church: if the very losing of them has meant a Gentile world reconciled to God, what can the winning of them mean but life risen from

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the dead? It is the thought of this happy-ending-for-everybody that makes Saint Paul break out into the words that we are so familiar with on Trinity Sunday: "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God . . ." He was thinking of the conversion of the Jews, rather than of the mystery of the Three-in-One. Let us gladly agree with Fr. Demann that we must all become far more conversion-of-Israel-conscious than we mostly have been; this is indeed the key (as he calls it) which unlocks for us the mystery of the survival of Israel through the centuries: they are surviving to be reintegrated in the Church and to revivify it to the greater glory of God. Very well: but if we are to look on the Jews as potential converts, not only in some far-distant future but here and now—as St. Paul himself did—we are making the worst possible approach if we treat them as people living under God's curse, and as the inevitable historic enemies of Christ. How sad it is, says Fr. Demann, that "for many Jews, the Cross —a mystery of love for us—is a symbol of hatred, since they are under the impression that it is because of the Cross they have suffered humiliation and persecution throughout the ages. What a tragic obstacle on the way to Christ!"

. . . One ingenious way round the difficulty, which I noticed lately in some new book for schools (of which I have quite forgotten the title and author else I would gladly give credit where it is due) is to call Our Lord's opponents the "Judeans". One could hope that this word, in the English language at any rate, might get by as inoffensive even to the most deeply nerve-wounded of Hitler's former victims, and would avoid any possibility of confusing "the Jews" of Pilate's praetorium with "the Jews" of Whitechapel or Brighton. It also has the advantage of some sort of historical accuracy, for it *was* the Judean leaders, in contrast to the Galilean, or any other Jews who bore the historical responsibility of the Rejection. . . .

Theology for the Layman

THE playwright and novelist, Leo Brady, writes in the December *Cross and Crown* (B. Herder Book Co., 15 S. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Mo.) of the necessity for training laymen in theology. He says that Catholics have often contented themselves with mediocrity in spiritual life, regarding sanctity as some sort of special vocation. Now many laymen, especially some college students, are rejecting that way of thinking. He concludes:

> The students' point . . . was that they were not receiving a Catholic education. They desired to know precisely how they could be Catholics and teachers, or Catholics and engineers, or Catholics and business men—not according to the lights of the children of this world only, but according to the Light and the Way and the Truth.

Certainly it is true that in the curriculum of most Catholic colleges, theology is not included as a separate course of study. It appears nervously here and there, popping its head out cautiously in intermittent classes, and when examiners come the course is, like a step-child, whipped out of sight to avoid the stigma of medievalism. Rarely is it placed on its throne as the queen of all learning, set up as a unifying and explanatory principle at the apex of the student's work.

A college course in theology, as a constant four-year companion to all other studies, would accomplish two things: it would provide the "integration" sought by the students mentioned above; it would fit their worldly work neatly and clearly in the same yoke with their spiritual life. More importantly, it would serve to prove that the study of religion is just as "intellectually advanced" as other disciplines in a world which pretends to be brisking ahead so rapidly. It would make clear that faith takes up and revels in revelation precisely at the point where reason, inadequate and earth-bound, gives out; that God's divine order provides for the mystic as well as for the physicist and in fact—of all things!—prefers the mystic. Too often, knowledge of the revealed bases of faith and the means provided for advancement in the super-natural life remain, even for the college student, at a grade-school level, while information in other fields expands and heightens, taking up more and more space in the student's mental file.

A course in theology for laymen working in the world could accomplish the same ends to whatever degree necessary for a different condition in life. Undoubtedly great prudence would have to be exercised in the planning of courses both for the student and the non-student. The matter to be studied, the extent and depth advisable for different classes and age-levels, the method of presentation: all these details would require wisdom in the application. The most difficult question is whether a large body of the laity is fitted for the study of sacred science. These problems, present in any kind of religious instruction, are not so unsolvable as to require the rejection of the entire project; rather they counsel caution.

One of the greatest fruits of the study of theology by a general body of laymen would be the clarification of what the contemplative life consists in. It cannot be denied that there is a pressing necessity for laymen to know more about grace and prayer and the super-natural life.

Theology can clear away many difficulties and provide immense helps along the road to perfection. Theology of itself is not a key that opens the door to sanctity. But the doctrine of mysticism can direct souls in the way of experimental mysticism. Perhaps what the layman needs to grasp is especially the all-inclusiveness of Christ's call: "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

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Catholic International *News*

Can a Worker Live as a Christian?

THE Auxiliary Bishop of Lyans, Monsignor Ancel, writing in the December 9th issue of *Témoignage Chrétien* (100, rue de Richelieu, Paris IIe) answers the question: "Can a worker live as a Christian?"

Everything is possible with God. Everything is possible to those who believe. Consequently it is always possible to live like a Christian. But in certain circumstances it takes a heroic faith to stay Christian. . . . Unhappily heroism is rare. It is always rare. No one has the right to impose heroism on others. . . . For many workers, it is not possible to live like a Christian, to be a hero.

An excess of work during the week and work on Sunday made Christian life impossible for two generations of workers. Now there is some change. Workers now have one or two days a week for rest. In most cases, the work itself is not excessive. Still the work is not honest work. There is no normal compensation. It is yet another problem. There are still excesses, especially in assembly-line work. Often the rhythm is exhausting. The work itself becomes machine-like. It is brutalizing. Without a doubt Christian life is strengthened by work, and there is no honest work without some hardship and effort. Saint Paul condemned the lazy. But the excesses of work and the brutalization of work make Christian life very difficult, sometimes almost impossible.

There are two causes, and they go hand in hand: misery and immorality. I can't separate them because they go together.

Excessive work engenders immorality. When a man is brutalized by his work, he is not his own master. He can no longer rule himself. A man needs to get some satisfaction. He needs to forget. He can no longer resist.

Whose fault is it?

You can't consider misery only in terms of wages. Even with good wages a worker living in a hovel is condemned to misery. . . . Bad housing. Perhaps this is the most serious of all. Perhaps it is this which causes most immorality.

Overcrowding, promiscuity, dirt—it is impossible to avoid them. Strain, nervous tension, never a minute of rest from it. Who can withstand it? Every day you read horrible stories. . . .

Look how factory life has dislocated the family. Too often the wife has to work. The promiscuity of the factories becomes an occasion of sin. One has to live in an atmosphere of hyper-sexuality.

Immorality is produced by misery, and it engenders more misery. The Christian life is made impossible by immorality and, without Christianity, you can't escape immorality.

De-Christianization, immorality, misery!

There you have it.

I know that these words don't apply to all workers. There are many workers in France who have a normal life and decent housing. But I am speaking of those who do not have these things. There are thousands, hundreds of thousands of them. I have been told there are two or three million. I don't know.

I am sorry that I must say again, who is to blame?

I don't blame this or that capitalist. It is the system itself which is to blame.

Some employers despite their good-will cannot raise salaries. They would have to shut down their businesses.

I don't attack these men, but I do attack capitalism as it actually works out.

Don't ask me to love an economic system which has plunged millions of human beings into misery and immorality and has made Christian life for them impossible!

. . . You ask me: "Do you want a Communist revolution?"

I answer, "Communist revolution will change nothing. The capitalism of the state is no better than the capitalism of trusts. It is still capitalism."

"All right then, what *do* you want?"

"I want everyone, the heads of business, technicians, management and workmen to get together and find a solution that will be human and at the same time economically possible. Surely a solution can be found. There is much work to be done. Everybody has to work on it. Our country is in a state of sin.

I have been asked, through the mail, why I busy myself with these economic and social questions. It has been respectfully suggested that I content myself with the Gospel. But that is precisely it. I *am* content to preach the Gospel. There is great suffering among the working class. How can a bishop, a representative of Christ, keep silence in the face of such misery? . . .

Christ died so that life would be possible for us. No one has the right to admit that Christian life is impossible for workers.

I wanted (in this article) only to present a simple sociological analysis. I wanted to show only how Christian life is made impossible for the worker. But I could not stop there. There are some things which one can't say without suffering. And when one suffers too much, he must, he has to cry out!

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As Malraux Says

Florence Codman

The Psychology of Art. André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Pantheon Books. $25.00.

IT WAS Voltaire who said that translations augment the faults of a work and spoil its beauties. Unhappily this is a mild description of the translation of this great book because it would be difficult to imagine, if it were not a fact, a rendering more careless, more inexact, more indifferent to the original text than this. It is equally ironic and lamentable that a book dealing with the style of the great art of the world and written in a style commensurate with its subject should be so poorly construed for the English reading public. Intractable as nuances and idioms of languages are—an example is Shakespeare in French—there is such a thing as an approximation to meaning and to the quality of its expression.

Malraux's style is exact and at the same time eloquent; it is precise and it is also wonderfully embellished by allusion and rhetoric. In disregarding its expansive dignity the translator and the publishers are not only disrespectful to the author and his achievement but also to the English language. There is an English style which is not that of the primer. I feel it necessary to say as much because even a poor translation cannot wholly mask the splendid tone of the original. The original is too strong. Indeed the book is so powerful and is impressive in so many ways that I venture to say its influence will be noticeable among us for a long time. And so it should be because there is no other book quite like it—even the illustrations are their own recompense.

Since Aristotle, men of the Western world have developed theories attempting to define the meaning of art and the feeling aroused by art in the spectator. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century these aesthetic theories combined meaning with enjoyment in philosophical or metaphysical terms, but after archeologists began to unearth, after travelers began to see, to bring home, and later to photograph unfamiliar forms of art, when, in other words, art began to have a longer and a broader history, the old discussions of meaning and beauty lost their validity. Winkelmann might say that art died with the Greeks but the number and variety of art objects which came from neither the Greece of Phidias nor the Renaissance, which belonged to periods before and after these, would not be so arbitrarily dismissed. They made it apparent that the pleasure of looking at art, the history of the civilization producing it, in fact the history of that art itself, were not only separate from each other but separate and distinct from the irreducible essence residing in art after these considerations were done with.

Baudelaire went even further in his distinction between a "made" and a "finished" work of art and by this lucidity, which characterizes his essays on art, became the first modern critic to suggest an independent rationale of art. Others followed, Fiedler, Wölfflin, Roger Fry, to name but three, until today no critic works solely in reference to the art within the walls of our collections. The critic, like the artist and the public, now bases his knowledge, his inspiration and appreciation upon either personal acquaintance, or acquaintance through photographs, with the murals of Ajanta and Padua, Aztec ruins, African fetishes, the figures of Olympia and Rheims, the Pietà Rondanini, upon the art of the world—in Malraux's metaphor, upon the Imaginary Museum.

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BEFORE the early years of the nineteenth century the Museum (Malraux refers to the Louvre) contained some sculpture, "more Roman than Greek," and oil paintings, Italian beginning with Raphael, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish beginning with Ribera, seventeenth century French, eighteenth century English, a few Dürers and Holbeins. These paintings represented the effort of European artists, between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries, to conquer the third dimension—"Europe alone casts shadows"—a time when "the agreement between the evidence of our senses and its plastic representation was taken for granted." The discovery of the dispersed art of the world provoked a conflict with this assumption, an assumption which Manet and painters after him recognized, in Malraux's words, to be a fiction as unrelated to the essence of art as the other fictions of ideal beauty, of art as a means of access to what is held sacred, of art as a means of transfiguration.

Every great artist, Malraux repeats, has been a transformer of forms, the new fact in the nineteenth century being that he became aware of it. Through this awareness painting broke with fiction and had to become its own value and this value is what all great art contains in its style. By style art creates another world, a different one: its own. "Modern art" is the search, through forms, for an interior schema which then takes—or does not take—the form of objects, but of which the objects are only its expression." To, What Is Art?, Malraux replies, "It is that by which forms become style."

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BUT these notations bear the same relation to this book that a blueprint would bear to an enchanted palace—if such a blueprint could be made. To record that in the second volume the ideas about fiction and history, the ideas of art as possession, as conquest, as accusation, as transformation are developed further, that a deduction is made from the great styles of the world to a specific style, that art is said to arise not out of life but out of other art, and this style and art shine with some of their brightest glory through El Greco and Tintoretto, is to be as accurate as calling this sentence a

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Florence Codman is now writing a history of American vaudeville and variety from 1800 *to* 1885. *She is one of the publishers of a series of books called the Arrow Editions.*

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complex one: "Every great style is the reduction to a fragile human perspective of the eternal world which bears us in a drift of stars according to its mysterious rhythm."

The book defines a rationale; it states a canon and scholars can quickly recognize what it owes to Baudelaire and particularly to Wölfflin, just as critics can dispute its assertion that there is more room for Cézanne in one of his paintings of apples than there had been for Raphael in his portrait of Leo X—for every writer is at the mercy of his adversaries. What confounds the Philistine and transports this book beyond the limits of his special interest is its vision of human destiny. The dreams of mankind indestructibly mastered by the forms of art.

This is synthesis, the kind of synthesis which has made the intellectual tradition of Europe and it is also affirmation, the kind inherent in the Christian faith. In front of the sealed hierarchism of the Orient stands the free individual of the West. Chaos threatens him but his struggle, as his art, has always been, Malraux insists, against the indifference and menace of the cosmos, against the earth and death. This book soars like a phoenix across today's horizon, reasserting the lucidity, the imagination, the will to order a human universe.

Books

The New World of Southeast Asia. Lennox A. Mills and Associates. University of Minnesota Press. $5.00.

THE victory of the Communists in China seems complete and now their expansion toward the west endangers the democratic regimes in Southeast Asia and the Occidental influence in these countries. It is, therefore, most useful to learn as much as possible about the conditions in the different lands of Southeast Asia and their latent forces of resistance against the Communist danger.

For decades Communism has propagandized in these countries against the "double yoke of imperialist exploitation and the tyranny of the bourgeoisie" and has instigated sabotage and strikes. The Bolshevization of China, with five times the population of all the Southeastern Asiatic states together, blows new wind into the Marxist sails.

There are many rather parallel problems in these Southeastern states, but remarkable differences as well, and thus the book contains both general articles and special monographs written by experts on the individual countries, many of whom write with sympathy for the influence of the European powers in this still semi-colonial world. A greater understanding, on the part of the West, for the desires for national independence in Southeast Asia would undoubtedly have helped considerably to draw these-countries into the Occidental orbit. These half-

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liberated nations are not eager to become dependents of Moscow, but they detest the idea that the Western powers are not seriously enough interested in national self-government and will try to exploit them again when circumstances may be favorable. We Americans, with our policy in the Philippines, have a much better record than the colonial powers of Europe, but we have failed to propagandize this sufficiently after the end of the Second World War. Knowing that we have to support, first of all, the regeneration of Europe, we have hesitated to antagonize the overseas policy of France and the Netherlands especially, and thus we have made it easy for the Muscovites to claim that they are the only sincere advocates of self-government in Southeastern Asia.

*

PERHAPS the most interesting thing about this part of the world is the influence of the Chinese in these lands. They constitute half the population in Malaya and a fifth of the population in Siam. But even in the countries where their number is still smaller, they are a most influential minority because they are the most race-conscious nation in Eastern Asia. Every Chinese regards himself, and is regarded by the government of his homeland, as a Chinese citizen, wherever he may be born. The nations of Southeast Asia regard everyone born within their frontiers as their citizen; due to this divergent point of view, the number of Chinese they count as citizens in their statistics is actually much less than the real strength of the Chinese population.

The Chinese make great sacrifices to found schools wherever they live. In these schools lessons are taught in Chinese and great emphasis is given to Chinese history and to the building up of Chinese patriotism. The nations of Southeast Asia have attacked this Chinese school system but have done nothing serious to suppress it. Where the Chinese population is proletarian, as in the case of the numerous Chinese miners in Malaya and Burma, they have always been exponents of Communist expansion. The Chinese middle and upper classes, which have monopolized commerce in almost all these countries, were formerly often in favor of the Kuomintang regime but have changed their allegiance with its downfall. Patriotism exerts greater influence over them than problems of inner policy. Thus the entire Chinese minority may develop into an antagonistic force against the Western world and Western types of government, if Communism in China remains loyal to Moscow.

It is the fate of many informative books in our time to have history march faster than the process of publication. Several articles in this useful volume are already a little outdated. MAX FISCHER.

The House of Certain Death. Albert Cossery. New Directions. $1.50.

MR. COSSERY is an Egyptian who lives in Paris and writes in the French language. This small book is the story of a group of poor people who live in

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a crumbling tenement house in an Egyptian city. The hardships they experience from hunger and cold and pain and need are clearly described, but never really re-created. As a result of the book's tone the struggle between the miserable tenants and the callous landlord never reaches an important level.

The plot is restricted to this unresolved and uncomplicated situation—an attempt on the tenant's part to have the owner repair the doomed building. That there are social and political implications to be derived from the story is apparent, and that the incidents and dialogue which are intended to convey these implications are ordinary and ineffective is also apparent.

GEORGE MILES.

The Parasites. Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday. $3.00.

THE dust jacket on Miss du Maurier's latest novel calls the story "sophisticated, gay, and sometimes tragic." In spots it assuredly is sophisticated and gay, but on the whole, tragic is about the right word. For an author with Miss du Maurier's flair for creating a mood and telling a tale, it is about the dullest concoction of neurosis and sex this side of Hollywood.

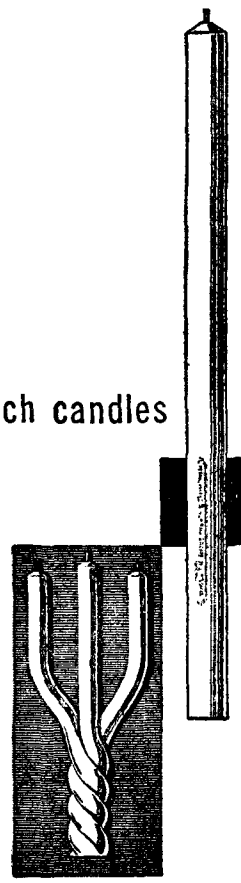
The Delaneys, the three characters about whom the story revolves, are parasites, feeding upon outsiders and upon each other. If the reader has not grasped this point from the title, the foreword (which is a definition of "parasite" from the Encyclopedia Brittanica), or the narrative, it is explicitly hammered at him again on every third page. But even though he may understand the "message," he is unlikely to find anyone in the book believable or sympathetic enough for him to care much.

The Delaneys live in a fabulous world of theaters, music, and a strange fantasy of their own. Despite their talent and charm, they are all warped by a decidedly unnerving childhood. The best contribution that the author makes to this unhealthy atmosphere of sterility and inbreeding is a trick use of the first person: she tells the story from the standpoint of a composite person, using the "we" when referring to all three, but enumerating each one by name when individual thoughts or actions are registered. And to her credit, she allows the inherent faults of her characters, and more dubiously the inherited traits of their "blood," to lead them to their appropriately unsatisfactory ends.

The omniscient dust jacket tells us that there is sardonic social comment in all this. That may be; the author herself dedicates the book: "For whom the caps fit." But whatever satire there is involves a world so remote and artificial that it hardly seems worth the labor to explore.

The paper jacket itself is probably as intriguing as the book. Doubleday has announced the appalling news that customers can order it in any of four colors—rose, gray, green, or gold—so that they can harmonize the book with their decor.

CAROL H. WEISS.



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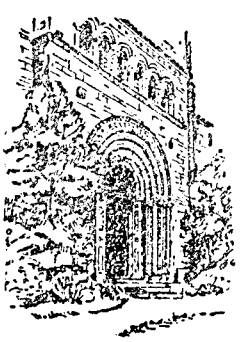

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Little Boy Lost. Marghanita Laski. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

THE little boy was certainly lost and yet not so really lost as his father. Jean was born in 1940 in Paris the day before the Nazis marched in. Hilary, his father, an English poet, had had just time to dash into the city to peep at the baby before rejoining his battalion. Lisa, his Polish mother, had stayed on in Paris where she began work for the underground. In 1940, she was murdered by the Gestapo. Jeanne, Lisa's best friend, soon shared her tortures and her death. When the liberation came, all trace of the baby had vanished. Hilary told his family in England that the boy was dead. Perhaps it was better that way. He couldn't face enduring all over again the uncertainty and agony of Lisa's tragedy.

Pierre, however, another underground worker, in memory of Jeanne and Lisa, had pledged himself to find out if Jean were still living and by 1945 so plausible a clue was brought to light that Hilary found himself on the way to an orphanage in Normandy. There he was confronted by a pale, wide-eyed child who had been smuggled out of Paris in 1943. There was absolutely nothing more than this contingent evidence to identify him.

Rather bitterly, Hilary endured for a week the drab boredom of the half bombed town, spending two hours every afternoon with the boy, until he began to realize that, even if the boy were not Lisa's, a bond was developing between them. He decided suddenly to escape, while it was still possible, and to go to Paris with the flowsy daughter of the hotel proprietor. Never again would he allow his tenderness to be harrowed. The ending is a real O. Henry one and dramatically effective.

Niece to Harold Laski, the author has a terse, direct style that saves her from the sentimental. Though only slightly sketched, Jean is more real than his father, from whose viewpoint the story is told. It is the study of a sensitive man of letters who has developed an emotional cowardice; with a strong sense of honor and beauty and yet with so little plain Christian charity that he can spend his money on black market steaks, when he knows the nuns need food for the orphans. The nuns themselves live in a state of calm detachment; they treat the children with impartial kindness and no signs of affection. One wonders if Miss Laski has ever visited a French convent? As a story Little Boy Lost has distinction and a memory that lingers. E. V. R. WYATT.

Gentian Hill. Elizabeth Goudge. Coward. $3.50.

THE Goudge formula, which has sold millions of books, is undeniably appealing. The narrative has an effortless flow, the principals and lesser figures are all admirable, the superable odds are considerable. There is sentimental focus on fresh youth and mellow age, while nature's habiliments periodically get their warm due. Plot rather than character usually provides solutions. The time, in this latest volume, is 1800, the place

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chiefly the water and terrain about Torquay, Devonshire. It is a straight love story, which begins when Stella, who charms all, is only ten. The only introspective character is a French abbé, an aristocrat escaped from the Revolution. Miss Goudge introduces a few texts from the Mass and the Divine Office at appropriate moments.

E.S.S.

North African Notebook. Robert Maugham. Harcourt.

ROBIN MAUGHAM is one of England's better young novelists. His *The Servant* was a really brilliant, taut piece of writing, which promised a lot—that the author is Somerset Maugham's nephew, and the son of one of the most successful lawyers in England, only made it the more exciting. This new travel book is well written, competent, but undistinguished. Set it beside other accounts of North Africa and you find that Mary Berenson's *Vicarious Trip to the Barbary Coast* or Norman Douglas' *Fountains in the Sand,* to name two old ones, have more of the sense of wonder, without which a traveler is only a globe-trotter, while, of more modern writers, Paul Bowles, in *The Sheltering Sky,* or Albert Camus, in *The Plague,* give better the feel of the landscape.

Mr. Maugham is peevish, and manages to patronize not only his reader, but also himself. "You arrived at six o'clock, after traveling for twelve hours, and you found a taxi driver (who charged too much) to take you to the hotel. It is only a small hotel—you cannot afford the best—but you managed to get a room with a bath. For half an hour you lay soaking in tepid water. Then you put on a clean shirt and changed for dinner . . . as you walk out of the hotel, various thoughts, nowadays, may cloud your happiness. First, although you speak the language, you have not been able to practice it because you have not been able to get abroad." There are dozens of pages like this, and they give rise to the same mild astonishment that the sight of a wasp gives on a mild December day. The frost, one supposed, had removed them all. One feels that Maugham, too, is definitely a survivor from the time when the going was good; he interviews every variety of North African nationalist, from Ferhat Abbas, the liberal, to Messali Haj, the "violent idealist."

But he remains worried about his health, his reactions to people, and people's reactions to him, and is almost naïvely happy to get back to Libya, which has been occupied by the British since 1943; "the streets are clean, flowerbeds flanked with grass are planted trimly in the central squares, the hotels are shabby and drink is scarce, . . . there is no guard outside the Administration's headquarters, and the Arabs are friendly."

Yet this is a valuable book, both for its over-all political implications, and for its thumbnail sketches: Maugham unable to get his Arab servant a decent night's lodging; Maugham unable, because not allowed, to see the Sultan; Maugham almost arrested by the Spanish police at Beni Hadifa; Maugham talking to a boy fresh from French

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torture; Maugham watching three French officials arguing around a slip of an olive tree planted in desert sand, above all, Maugham indignant, rightly and splendidly indignant, over colonization. "I believe that the process of colonization has caused their degeneration," he says of the Algerian Arabs, and his conclusion is that "enmity between Europeans and Arabs is inherent in a country in which Europeans are exclusively the rulers and Arabs the ruled. Neither culture nor cunning can avoid it." But Maugham is better as a novelist.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

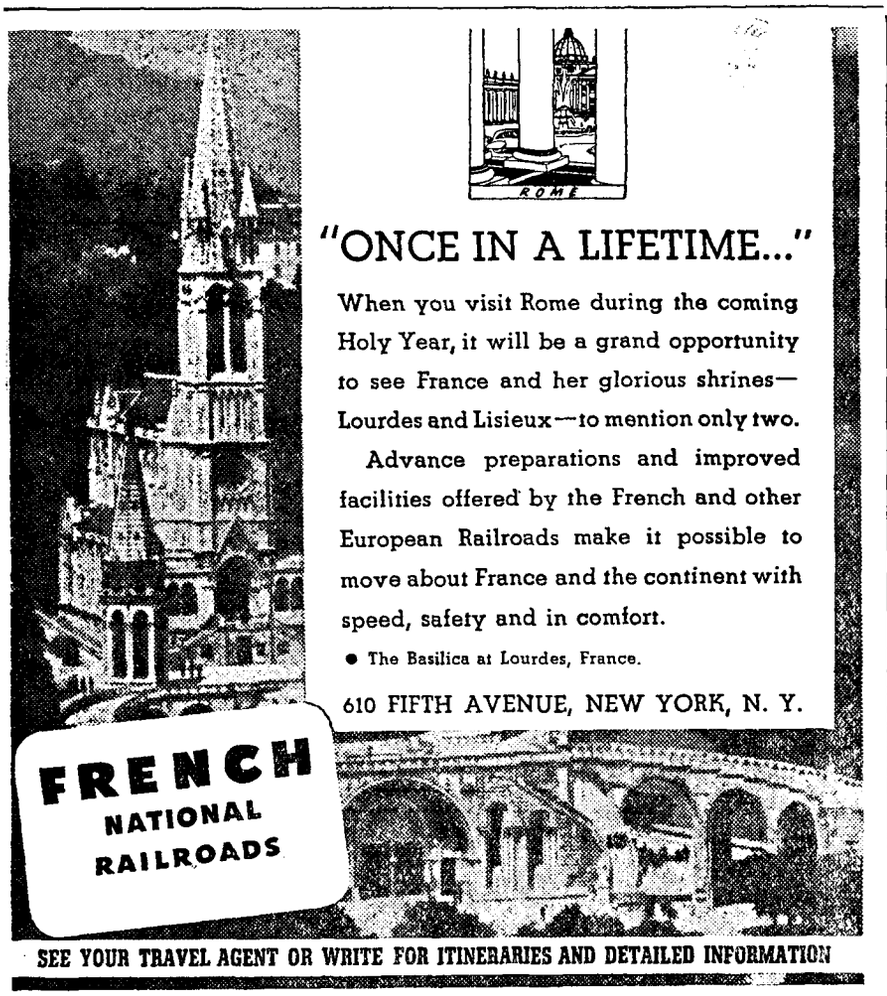
The 1950 Information Please Almanac. John Kieran, Editor. Macmillan. $2.50.

THIS almanac works something of a switch on the usual formula by calling in various personalities for special articles. Elmer Davis, for example, furnishes an informative review of the year in Washington. Red Smith does a chatty commentary on the year's sports, Brooks Atkinson writes on the theatre, and John Chamberlain takes a fragmentary middlebrow-type look at literature.

There is a day-by-day report on the news furnished by the New York *Herald Tribune,* along with "great historical events" as compiled by the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

The big feature in this year's almanac, the one that "distinguishes it from any other almanac that we know," according to the editor, is a vacation travel guide, testifying to Mr. Kieran & Associates' trust that "the world today is better than it was a year ago; a better place in which to live, a better globe over which to travel." Thumbnail sketches of many countries you are not likely to visit are combined with rather aimless essays on Britain, France, Italy and Scandinavia written by Christopher Morley, Louis Bromfield, John Gunther and Russel Crouse; and a survey of U. S. tourist opportunities made by an imposing team of American Express and the editors of *Holiday.*

There are acres and acres of statistics in this book, and they are its chief virtue. It is easy for the irresolute to waste hours entranced by tremendous amounts of unlikely information: the visiting hours of the major American museums, statistics on dams, magazine circulations (the *Readers' Digest* leads in circulation among U. S. magazines. National Comics is second; Marvel Comics Group is third; *True Story* Woman's Group is fourth, and *Life* is fifth), and sports figures that extend from fly and bait casting records to the 1949 *Look* All-American.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Max FISCHER, formerly a foreign correspondent in the Far East, is now on the faculty of the New School in New York.

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